[fic] Human AU: Last.

• May. 8th, 2011 at 6:33 AM

Title: Human AU: Last.
Fandom: Supernatural.
Rating: PG.
Warnings: Mentions of angelcest.
Pairings/Characters: Michael, Lucifer, Raphael, Gabriel. Also, God.
Word Count: 1,085 words.
Summary: Marshmellows, last-minute arguing, and it all comes to an end.
Note: Written for **spn_30snapshots**, with the prompt last being used for this one. I AM DONE!

Also? Don't start reading here. Go here and start with #4, as that's the first story in this collection. You'll be confused otherwise.

The next morning is oddly comfortable, and Gabriel makes omlettes for everyone in the kitchen. The only reason he's got a shirt and pants on is because he doesn't know when God will show up again.

After breakfast, after they've cleaned up the table, Michael has a seat in the living room and waits.

He sips his water and watches the clock, and it's not long before Raphael joins him, sitting quietly, and then Lucifer and Gabriel come in together, and Michael doesn't need to comment on how Gabriel's touching Lucifer's arm, then Raphael's thigh when he sits.

He understands some of why Gabriel wants the contact, now. And he can admit to himself that he understands why Lucifer accepts it, even if Raphael does remove Gabriel's hand after a moment.

Michael knows that they're still going to argue, and have problems with each other. He also knows that right now...after the previous night, and with the expectation of their Father arriving...

He understands the calm. Because things are going to change soon.

"...how long do you think He'll take?" Gabriel asks quietly.

"I don't know," Michael says. He doesn't exactly want to talk right now.

Unfortunately, Gabriel has questions. "What kind of work do you think He'll want us to do, exactly? It involves humans, and that opens up a ton of possibilities."

"There's no point in wondering, Gabriel."

"I want to know, is that wrong?"

"We'll find out soon."

Gabriel pouts, and leans back. "Maybe I'll get the marshmallows bag so we have snacks. You know, while we wait."

"Marshmallows?" Lucifer asks.

"Wait, I never showed those to you?"

"No," Lucifer says, and abruptly Gabriel is up and leaving, and Michael sighs.

"We shouldn't need to question..." Michael starts, but Lucifer shoots him a glare. "What?"

"That's what got both of you in trouble in the first place. Not enough questioning."

"You fell due to too much questioning," Raphael says quietly.

"...I fell due to my refusal to change my position," Lucifer corrects, and there's something dangerous in his voice.

As Gabriel comes back in and starts handing out the marshmallows to everyone, Michael leans his head back, sighing as Raphael begins to argue with Lucifer.

"What is it?" Gabriel asks him.

"We're not..." Michael trails off as the room quiets, aware that everyone's looking at him. He clears his throat and starts again. "We're not what we need to be."

"Well, that's obvious," Gabriel says, tossing a marshmallow into his mouth. "Did you think one night of sex and some conversation would solve everything?"

Michael blinks, sighs, and confesses. "...In a way, yes."

Gabriel looks at all of them, and puts the bag of marshmallows in Lucifer's hands after having another.

"Michael, we're not gonna be perfect overnight. But if we repeat the experience over a lot of nights, that should clear this right up!"

Lucifer coughs, and Gabriel spins to look at him.

"What?"

"Your motivations are transparent, Gabriel."

"What! I can't help it if I like good sex!"

Michael closes his eyes. "...can we not argue now."

"We're not arguing!" Gabriel protests, then erps. "Okay, maybe we are a little, but just a little. Here. How're the marshmallows, Lucy?"

"They're fine," Lucifer says, after trying one. "Too sweet."

"Oh, come *on*. How can anything be too sweet?"

Michael looks at Raphael, and hopes that he's making the right decision.

Raphael looks back, calm.

"You're being patient with him?" Michael asks, quietly.

"We're going to have to be," Raphael says. "If this is going to work."

Michael sighs, and nods. He understands, all too well. "I - "

Michael blinks as a marshmallow bounces off his forehead.

"Open your mouth and let me try again!"

Michael blinks again, then reaches down and collects the marshmallow, and with a straight face, he tosses it back at Gabriel, bouncing it off his nose.

It's not long after that before Gabriel's throwing more at Michael, and Michael tells himself that this is a test of his patience, and one he needs to pass. So he picks them up and throws them back, also telling himself he's not allowed to smile or enjoy this, because it's childish.

It goes on for minutes, and stops abruptly when God appears.

But not before Michael accidentally tosses one last marshmallow. It bounces off the Lord's cheek and lands on the floor.

Michael freezes. He knows that everything his Father does has a purpose, but that doesn't excuse that he pegged his Father with a marshmallow, and -

"It is good to see you getting along," God says, with a smile. "Have you made your choice?"

Michael stands up. "I - " He starts, then stops himself. "Yes, Father."

Michael sees his brothers stand up, and meets their eyes one by one, confirming that they've all made their choice, and nods.

He doesn't know if he'll get a chance to visit the house one last time, and he doesn't know the details of what he's agreeing to, but - it his is Father, he has faith, and most importantly he is going into this together with his brothers.

"We've agreed to your terms," Michael says.

"Then you have recovered your Grace," God says, and in the time between blinks it is done. Michael feels warmth, and song, and *light* in him.

He is changed, but not, and Michael puts his hand over his heart, silently giving thanks for this, and he opens his eyes to see what he has been missing for so long: the Grace of Raphael, of Gabriel, even of Lucifer, and he opens his ears to hear the voices of angels, even if they are distant, and even if he cannot return home yet.

Lucifer's eyes are wide, and Michael watches him shake briefly.

"I - I am - "

"I have restored your Grace to as it was," God says. "Do not give me cause to revoke my gift."

"He won't," Michael says before he can stop himself, and then he must go on further, as he cannot take back his words. "We won't let him."

God looks at all of them, and nods. The time for words is over, Michael thinks, and knows it to be true when God vanishes again...but this time he knows what they are to do.

It is a hard task, and not one he will enjoy doing.

Michael looks at Raphael, at Gabriel, at Lucifer, then opens himself, and translates himself into flight, trusting them to follow.

And they do.

---end!

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Author's Notes: This is OVER, this whole series is done and many many thanks to everyone for ideas, for comments, for wordwars...special attention must be paid to **~~ravenspear~~**, **_bluebells** and **~~theinsaneeraser~~** for all of the above. (And to **lilchibibunny** for inspiring the first one of these before it all spiraled out of control, and to **morganoconner** + **pandionpandeus** for inspiring me to use the **spn_30snapshots** format for this.)

This thing totals 32,121 words...in short, it's the second longest fic I've ever written. (The other being my NaNo) It was supposed to be 2k, 3k tops...but that didn't pan out.

I hope you've all enjoyed this, and I look forward to my next longfic, whatever it turns out to be. :D